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truth? We can pardon the sham of 1826, but we cannot pardon the sham of 1856. The inside of this building, we regret to add, is—sham. The inside represents a rather elaborate clere-story, but a single wood roof encloses the whole exterior. And yet, this combustible falsehood of a building, is to be dedicated with solemn pomp and ceremony to him who judgeth man according to his works!

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1856.

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A CARD.

THE undersigned, owing to continued ill health, which makes the proper performance of his editorial duties impossible, is compelled to relinquish all literary labor for the present, and to resign the conducting of THE CRAYON to his colleague, Mr. Durand.

W. J. STILLMAN.

NEW YORK, June 1st, 1856.

WHILE regretting the cause which deprives THE CRAYON of Mr. Stillman's services, its friends and subscribers may be assured that no change of purpose or plan will be made in carrying out the object for which this magazine was established. In undertaking its sole charge, and while this duty is imperative, it is the intention of the undersigned to conduct THE CRAYON with a view to the interests of ART as effectively as his resources, capacity, and judgment may enable him to do so.

J. DURAND.

Sketchings.

THE WASHINGTON STATUE.

THE Colossal Equestrian Statue of Washington, by Mr. H. K. Brown, is now placed upon its pedestal at Union Square, to be inaugurated on the fourth day of July next, with suitable ceremonies. This statue was begun on the 22d of February, 1853, the anniversary of Washington's birth-day, and it will stand a completed work on the 80th anniversary of his country's national existence. On the completion of the model in plaster, we gave (in the first number of "THE CRAYON"), a review of the statue as it then stood in the sculptor's studio. From that review, we reprint the following description—

"The statue represents Washington on horse-back, not in the heat of battle, when the dignity of manhood is, to a certain extent, lost in the excitement of conflict, but at the close of it, in the act of recalling his successful troops to moderation and repose. He sits bare-headed, his hat resting upon his bridle-arm, which restrains his horse's ardor, his sword sheathed, and his right arm and hand extended in the attitude of restraining or commanding to quiet. His head is slightly thrown back, and the position of the whole figure is one of easy dignity, without the slightest show of self-importance. The costume is the simple continental uniform, treated with entire simplicity and great attention to realization without presenting any points

which would interfere with the general impression.

"The artist conceived Washington as at the moment when he ends his military career, and recalls 'the dogs of war'—a moment as important to us as to him, and the one on which more than any other in our early existence, the welfare of the nation depended. It was the moment when he took his position with regard to his country, and drawing back from the carnage, became 'first in peace,' though ambition called him to cross the Rubicon. He uncovers his head in token of his deference to his country, and settles back into his place, secure at least of that position, whatever more may be required of him. He has been the soldier, and that function fulfilled, he waits, deferential and calm, what may ensue; his face slightly upturned, expressing loyalty and truth."

Of the result of the sculptor's work, we have already expressed our opinion on the completion of the model, as a truly noble performance in every respect. It is not only technically great, but expresses a phase of the heroic character, the supreme manhood, which is beyond all mere art, and even beyond perception by those who possess it not in themselves. It is something of which a poet may speak, but of which a critic can communicate by words no kind of idea, that shall avail another person.

It is Washington, as he was never before conceived by an artist, and (and in this we are confirmed by authorities which we respect), treated with a technical success, which no modern equestrian statue excels, if, indeed, any equals it.

The pedestal upon which the equestrian statue stands, is of Quincy granite; its height being fourteen feet six inches. The height of the statue is fourteen feet, making the height of the entire monument twenty-eight feet six inches. The statue is cast in bronze, the metal being of superior quality, and weighs about eight thousand pounds: the body of the horse—i. e., the trunk without the head, tail, or legs—is the largest and heaviest piece of the group, and weighs about three thousand five hundred pounds: it is the largest casting of the same description ever made in this country. The statue as it now stands, is of a warm bright yellow—the color of gold. This color will remain of the same tint for a short time only, gradually changing towards a nut-brown hue, by exposure to the atmosphere, until it finally becomes quite dark. Some years will elapse before this takes place. An idea of the prospective color of the statue, may be obtained from the bas-relief over the entrance to the Appleton building on the corner of Leonard street and Broadway.

The model of this statue was formed direct in plaster instead of clay, the usual material, thereby saving much time and expense, besides affording the sculptor an opportunity to study effects, the plaster being white, for which the dark-colored clay is not so well adapted. Besides this advantage, plaster possesses another one over clay. When the latter is employed, it is necessary to keep it wet, by sprinkling the model with water until the work is completed; but plaster, prepared as it was for the model of this statue, soon dries, and becomes of the same

degree of hardness as sandstone, when it can be cut or scraped accordingly. Anybody may imagine the inconvenience of taking a mould first from clay, and then recasting the model in plaster in a colossal work like the Washington, a process, which in this case, would be attended with loss of time besides some risk, and estimate the advantage of a model fashioned directly in plaster, and ready for the foundry as soon as completed. The model of the statue was finished early last spring. The casting was made at the works of the Ames Manufacturing Co., located in the village of Chicopee, Mass.; the chasing, fitting, etc., was done at the sculptor's studio in Brooklyn, under his own superintendence—a department of the work, usually entrusted to other hands at the foundries in Europe. The design of the base is by Messrs. R. Upjohn & Co.

We are rejoiced to chronicle the erection of a monument in honor of Washington, worthy of his name, of the city, and the Art resources of the country. The public of New York are indebted to a few private citizens for this superb monumental gift. The first idea of erecting the equestrian statue of Washington occurred to James Lee, Esq., a merchant of New York, five years ago. Mr. Lee succeeded in interesting a sufficient number of our citizens in the project, to secure the amount necessary to meet its cost, the subscriptions being mostly obtained in sums of \$500 each. The work was intrusted to Mr. H. K. Brown, whose experience in developing the art of casting works in bronze in this country, eminently fitted him for the practical execution of the commission. From the first idea to the last circumstance of its progress, the work has been quietly and energetically carried forward by both parties. The sculptor's work speaks for itself; and will for all time; we accordingly take pleasure in testifying to that unseen, but effective force, in the production of the statue, which belongs to the sphere of Mr. Lee's usefulness, and which may be termed good management. Mr. Lee's untiring effort, personal labor, and admirable financial ability, form a triad of forces characteristic of our merchants generally, and in this affair they are admirably illustrated. His energy, tact and devotion to the project, deserves the highest commendation, and we hope to see his agency in this enterprise referred to as a precedent, should a similar undertaking be again proposed. The erection of this monument to Washington is a sound, sensible patriotic act; and it reflects the highest credit upon the subscribers collectively and individually.

It would be unjust to several parties connected with the work, not to refer to the share of each in its erection. The Ames Manufacturing Co., at Chicopee, Mass., under the management of J. T. Ames, Esq., have exhibited resources for casting works of art of this description, and have made an advance in foundry practice in this country, which entitles it to the highest praise. There is now no necessity to have works of art in bronze cast in Europe, and it is almost unpatriotic to have them sent

there. The foundation was laid and the lime furnished by Thos. C. Smith; the pedestal was built by Masterton, Smith & Sinclair; the truckage of the granite blocks, etc., was done by Havell & Co.; Currow & Co. and Murphy & Son provided the sail-cloth; Isaac Lewis and Matthew Kelly the scaffolding, and Edward Gorman the poles for the enclosure around the monument; the sulphur used in setting the clamps was provided by Thos. T. Green. The stone for the foundation was furnished by Peter Voorhies, and the cement by Candee, Hagaman & Keeler, all gratuitous services, including materials: all truly practical demonstrations, that Washington is in the hearts of his countrymen.

ON PICTURE-BUYING.—We are often surprised to observe in our commercial community the lack of caution on the part of those who have investments to make in works of Art. They admit of no familiarity with works of Art, and confess to no taste, yet make random purchases, without the slightest reference to either of these requisites, or to any advice. Thousands of dollars are thrown away with the best intentions upon productions of no merit, and which, as investments, never realize half their cost. This is to be wondered at, we repeat, because moneyed men, in ordinary business matters, never act without positive knowledge; no merchant gives credit without reference to capital or character, and he buys no goods without being satisfied of their quality. In Art matters, therefore, why should not purchases be made based upon the laws of Art-production, and judgment shown like that bestowed upon an investment in any other security? A lack of caution in this respect is more remarkable, because works of Art, judiciously purchased, *are*, bonâ-fide, investments which do increase in value, and which, in case of misfortune, often prove the best of assets. To show the value of works of Art, as an investment, it is only necessary to indicate the appreciation of the countless works by many of our own artists, living or dead, now in the hands of their possessors. We do not believe that portraits by Stuart, Jarvis, and the best of Inman's, can be purchased for less than cost; Cole's moderate sized works are never parted with for less than the sum paid for them, and when offered for sale oftener bring a large advance; we know of scores of his pictures which the owners would not dispose of for any consideration whatever. As for Allston's pictures, they are so rarely to be procured, they are invaluable, and would bring in many instances, five times the sum the artist received for them. Trumbull's works have great value; and the productions of a host of lesser lights in the Art-world are equally prized by their owners.

The aggregate of the amount of money expended in this city for Art-trash is immense, and as the same money would return twofold instead of being a total loss, if judiciously appropriated it follows that the pleasure and reputation derived from the enjoyment and possession of meritorious works of Art would be greatly increased, besides rendering the subject of Art a more respected

one in the community at large. The purchase of Art-trash is too extensively indulged in, and a few instances of recklessness within our own experience, will best demonstrate the truth of the assertion. A box, containing a large picture, was shipped from Europe many years ago, and consigned to a gentleman of this city, who, when it reached the Custom-house, invited a wealthy friend, with some others, to step in and see the box opened. They went accordingly, and the box was brought forward to as much light as could be had in a dark loft. On the way the party discoursed of Art, a subject which the gentleman's friend had probably never heard advocated by one in authority; so that, on reaching the appraiser's office, his enthusiasm was excited to the highest pitch. As soon as the top was taken off, and the picture exposed in the box as it lay on the floor, covered with dust, and before it could be elevated so as to receive the light upon it, he demanded the price; and, being a generous man, settled the affair, by agreeing to pay it at once; taking the picture to the astonishment of his friend, and before the other could hint its real value, a piece of information then too late, as there were too many gossiping witnesses of the transaction, to allow a retraction. The appraisers laughed, as they often have occasion to do in similar circumstances. Hundreds of dollars were paid for the picture, and now we know the picture would not bring ten per cent. of its cost. This is one illustration and here is another. A man entered a large store belonging to one of our "merchant princes" some time ago, offering for sale a couple of framed pictures, "brilliant in color and touching in sentiment." The price named was a little over the cost of the frames. After the usual diplomacy of a trade, the picture was bought. It happened that the purchaser was at that time furnishing a new house, and he had the walls of a breakfast-room to cover. He asked the picture-dealer if he had any more. The man's eyes sparkled. He replied, that he thought he could furnish others; a contract was accordingly made for something like fifty, or a sufficient number at least, to cover a given area of wall. This is one act of the pictorial farce; we now give another. A certain house in London contracted with a manufacturer to furnish a given number of frames per annum. The contract ran for a number of years, when the "party of the first part" failed, leaving a surplus of frames on hand, which the manufacturer was obliged to take back, in order to secure his debt. He did not know at first, what to do with them, but finally bethought himself of buying up all the cheap prints and pictures he could procure, framing them, and packing them off with an agent to America. He did so. The experiment was successful—so successful, that he continued in the business and made a fortune, declaring frequently that America is a "jolly place" for the Fine Arts. His agent was the visitor to the store we allude to, and gave the information himself. And still another exposure of the success of art-quackery. It is well known, that in France, whole families paint—

father, mother, boys and girls, as the case may be, and each with more or less ability, but all mechanically—painting for a trade—and they work like laborers by the piece or the day. It is this class of mechanical painters, who produce the pictures on tobacco-boxes and fancy boxes of that description. There is a custom among European picture-dealers of loaning works by distinguished artists, to be copied for a small consideration, the copyist paying a certain sum per month for the use of them. Aware of these art (!) resources, a Yankee, some years ago, went to France, and put these forces into operation. He soon collected an immense number of paintings. He brought them home, framed them handsomely, purchased one or two valuable nest-eggs in the shape of pictures by well-known artists, and disposed of them at auction, giving to each picture, generally, the name of the artist by whom the original was painted, oftentimes unpronounceable. They sold immensely, and he realised a fortune by his *enterprise*, as it is called. All very well, as this is a free country, but freedom to do is no endorsement of the act. So far as we are concerned, we dislike exceedingly to remark these pictures in a parlor and have them pronounced "fine," when, knowing the article at a glance, we deem them mere commercial trash. We allow people to draw their own conclusions. We can tell them, however, that for every hundred dollars thus expended, they or their families will not realize so much as five dollars, and that one good work of art of that value, is not only more enjoyable, but it will repay the owner a dividend on its first cost, if he is obliged to part with it. There is a great deal of amiable twaddle in regard to the purchasing and possession of pictures. It is frequently said of these common specimens of art, "it is better to have *them* than nothing," a phrase, the sense of which, is quite in keeping with its affected benevolence. We say it is better to have blank walls than to buy trash to cover them with. Who would eat a "tolerable egg" at a penny a dozen, if a fresh one can be had for sixpence. The application of this remark, "better than nothing," is however, sometimes correct, for occasionally an indifferent picture is purchased for the *love* of it, on the part of the purchaser. All such works of art *are* "better than nothing"—infinitely better; they reveal earnestness, and independence of feeling. One work bought in this spirit is beauty-capital, upon which a lover of the beautiful develops himself. The motive is a true one. Buy what you *love*, then, but do not love what you *buy*—when false motives excite you to the possession of works of art.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

THE Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts is the most conspicuous and successful Art institution of the country; its history shows "ups and downs," periods of depression and encouragement, the experiences of which have resulted beneficially. We do not believe in the active benefit of Academies, but we maintain that they do extend facilities to artists as well

as the public, and when managed judiciously are both useful and necessary. Such an institution is the Pennsylvania Academy. Since 1848 the academy has been gradually progressing to its present flourishing condition. Previous to that year, its life was feeble for various reasons, one of which, was a lack of the judgment of the artist in its councils; but from that period, possessing this advantage added to the sound business judgment of other interested parties, it has continually prospered. The Pennsylvania Academy owes its success in a great measure to the possession of valuable property. The Academy is erected in the heart of the city upon a great thoroughfare, and is an attractive object to its frequenters; it excites curiosity, the safest and surest element in the American character to appeal to for support. The Academy building occupies a plot of ground one hundred feet square (with a wide entrance upon Chestnut street), situated about fifty feet back from the street. The facade of the building is of the Greek style of architecture. The interior is partitioned into six large galleries, including the Rotunda, communicating with one another, and two basement rooms admirably arranged for purposes of study, devoted to casts from the antique. There are also committee-rooms, life-school rooms, officers, etc., to meet the requirements of the institution. The galleries are well lighted, possessing ample wall space for exhibition purposes, and the building is fire-proof. The institution is out of debt; its revenue increasing annually, and its affairs are admirably administered. With these possessions and resources it forms a healthy institution, at once serviceable to art and creditable to the country.

In the last exhibition, lately closed, the Academy exhibited over six hundred works of art, consisting of oil paintings, sculpture, water color drawings, casts, photographs, etc. Of these, many were by European artists. Among the works by American artists, seventy were by residents of Pennsylvania, a circumstance of importance to the local interests of Art. A feature of the late exhibition which deserves notice, is the water color department. There were over one hundred drawings exhibited, evincing a special love for Art in this direction on the part of the Philadelphians. Many of these drawings were by distinguished English painters, and of great merit. We noticed the names of Prout, Cox, Fielding, Richardson, Mole, Roberts, Pierson, etc. The latter might subscribe himself "painter in ordinary to the city of Philadelphia," so popular does he seem to be, judging by the number of his works in the present Exhibition and elsewhere. There is a mannerism in his pictures, which, if not obtrusive on the first glance at one work, is apparent and tiresome in a number placed side by side. The Water-color Society in New York produce highly creditable works, and we recommend it to exhibit next year in the rooms of the Pennsylvania Academy.

In the department of oil-painting, and among the landscapes by resident artists, those by Weber were the most prominent. Mr. Weber's

pictures are conscientiously painted; but they are conventional, and show the trammels of the school they belong to. A devoted study of Nature out of doors will enable Mr. Weber to forget mere studio practice and impressions made by pictures; it will also enable him to put light into his landscapes, which they greatly need. His pictures are well drawn, they only require to be painted under the impulse of a different spirit. There was a "Woodland Scene," by Van Starckenborgh, full of simplicity and truth, and of great promise. Russell Smith and Xanthus Smith contribute together three pictures; the latter a study from Nature, of remarkable merit, for so young a person. Besides heads by the veteran Sully and the elder Lambdin, one of the best and most useful friends in this country, we noticed in the Portrait department a number of excellent cabinet portraits by T. B. Read, among them Heads of the Brownings. W. H. Furness, Jun., exhibits two or three portraits, indicating fine appreciation of character and good feeling for color; also G. C. Lambdin, whose taste leads him to encounter some of the greatest difficulties of the Art with marked success. There were a number of pictures by European artists deserving notice, among them a landscape by Jutsum, an excellent picture, but full of the mannerism of the English School. Shayer has two pictures, remarkable for delicate treatment, an unostentatious manner, and an admirable rendering of the character of cattle. One of the most conspicuous pictures in the exhibition was the "Dying Brigand," by E. S. May. The one characteristic of this picture is simple power: it belongs to what we consider the worst school possible—Contour being its masterspirit. It is a very creditable specimen of this school.

We must conclude our hasty notice of the academy, by repeating that its exhibition was one of unusual interest, and that the institution itself is the noblest monument to Art we have in this country.

THE CENTURY CLUB STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL took place on the 19th of June, attended by a large number of ladies, guests and members, the occasion being one of those semi-annual entertainments, for which the Century is becoming famous. The Festival passed off this year with its usual success, leaving nothing to be desired by those who enjoyed it. We hope the name of the member who first proposed the Strawberry Festival and the Winter Party, is preserved upon the minutes of the Club's proceedings. He must have been inspired by visions of the beautiful, the realization of which he could not have anticipated, and he must have been moreover a consummate social politician—a perfect domestic fusionist to have conceived the idea of rendering the Club popular in the domestic circle, by bringing it in on "visiting terms." We trust he is not a mythical personage, as he deserves to be canonized among the honored names of The Century. One of the supporting elements of the Century being its artistic character, we are rejoiced at its flourishing condition, and we wish it con-

tinued prosperity, and many happy returns of its Strawberry Festivals.

WHAT MAKES AN ARTIST?

MR. COMBE in his book on *Phrenology, applied to Painting and Sculpture*, devotes a chapter to "The natural endowments necessary to constitute an artist." Professor Hart, R. A., recently delivered a lecture before the Royal Academy being a "Brief summary of such powers as may be considered essential to the constitution of the pictorial mind." Each would probably ignore the method of investigation employed by the other, and we propose to see how near alike are the results, which each one's method attains:

Thus, the academician says, that it is through the exercise of the hand alone, that we learn the powers and qualities of our minds in Art. The phrenologist points to the size, and quality and development of the brain, and judges from that, of our aptitude for Art. Yet the latter as well as the former acknowledges, that a thorough acquaintance with the practice of art, and experience in manipulation, can alone perfect the artist.

The Professor demands that we must have a liking for Art, and through a love of our pursuit, we will bring out the peculiar qualifications necessary for it. The other finds a necessity for the organs of form, color, &c., and argues that the predominance of these qualities in the brain, will naturally impel the will in the direction of Art—the two, it will be seen, start at different extremities to meet on the common ground of the requisites. Yet the lecturer gives the other something like a nod of recognition, when he says that "numerous disappointments demonstrate that the will alone forms but an inconsiderable element, if it be not accompanied by discretion and knowledge, in a pursuit in which a peculiar and distinct conformation of mind is essential;" or still more so here—"It might more concern the physiologist than the painter, to inquire how deeply pre-eminent success may be ascribed to peculiarity of latitude, an *adventitious circumstance*:" yet at the same time, the very means by which the phrenologist labors at his investigation, is thus bluntly handled—"the knowledge of the physiology and anatomy of the organ, through which the mind acts avails us nothing. We can only test the nature of its functions, and the extent of its capabilities, by the manifestations which it makes of them. There are no other means by which to measure the degree, in which an individual is in possession of these mental qualities, which are essential to the consideration of Fine Art."

The phrenologist proceeds in quite a different way. He desires that the nervous organism should predominate in the temperament of the brain, and he looks for the signs of it in a large brain, joined with a small thorax and abdomen, thin hair, skin and muscles, with quickness of muscular motion and paleness of countenance. He will not be disappointed, however, to find the bilious or sanguine organism united in the temperament, modifying, of course, its signs by

the influences of its specific manifestations. Next he demands a full size of brain, with a favorable combination of the cerebral organs, which are fundamental requisites, viz.: form, size, coloring, constructiveness, imitation, secretiveness and ideality. Further, there must be a sufficient development of the organs of all the propensities and sentiments to confer a sympathy with, and a keen experience of, all human passions and emotions. Moreover, an ample endowment of the organs of the higher intellectual faculties. Having arrived at these conclusions, from looking at the candidate, he takes his word for his adequate knowledge and practice in manipulation, and pronounces upon his fitness.

The other scorns all such bold attempts at mapping out the indispensable acquirements, and even thinks that the necessary qualities elude definition, and can only be agreed in regard to the results. The physiologist lets the results take care of themselves, and says such combinations of cerebral development ought to produce a great artist—*ceteris paribus*. The lecturer, drawing deductions, comes to a conclusion, as might be supposed, in which the phrenologist will hardly agree. He says—"Various conditions of this art-mind, you will recognize in such performances as the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, a Dutch Brawl by Brouwer, or a piece of still life. The same invisible power controls these several manifestations, but the correspondence lies only in a *homogeneous character of mental structure*." Now the phrenologist, feeling for the bumps on the skull of Angelo, Brouwer and the other, will find, we warrant, by no means the same developments, and smile incredulously at the idea of a homogeneous character, but boldly declare that the brain of each was possessed of those organisms in the highest degree, which were needed in accordance with the character of their productions.

If the phrenologist is charged by unbelievers with urging his theory unduly, to the detriment of its success, we think an Academy lecturer goes to a like extreme in his direction, when he states that "it is imperative on us not to cherish any belief in native superiority;" for howsoever effective education and experience may become, it is something like folly to deny that as grafts they may not be better inserted on one stock than another. The theory of innate ideas brings about a clash, of course. The Professor has no belief in the existence of perfect, intuitive apprehensions, of heaven-born powers, or of what is ordinarily accepted by the world, under the name of Genius. No greater delusion, he says, has ever invested the brain of man—under none have vanity and indolence more frequently taken refuge.* To our mind,

the phrenologist argues with more sense, when on the foundation of natural abilities as his science teaches it, he acknowledges that, "as the perfection of art depends on the balancing and adjusting, the depressing and elevating, the ordering and arranging of form, proportion, color, expression, and composition, it is only practice, reflection, and comparison with higher standards, that will enable him successfully to reach a high position."

Professor Hart accords that Perception is one of the most important requisites in an artist, and that it arises out of that ordinary observation, which is received through the organs of his vision, and a few paragraphs later says, that the power can only exist in the human brain in proportion to the amount of judgment, brought to bear upon the materials afforded by observation.* Mr. Combe also allows Perception to be a first requisite, but refers its existence to that temperament or quality of brain, which amounts to a nervous organism. To a want of perception the Professor refers the absence of color or tone, or a tendency to disproportion in form or in quantities. The phrenologist says it arises from a lack of development in the organs of coloring, comparison, number, &c., on the brain; yet, is honest enough to admit, that great intentions, as in Shakspeare, can be corrected, and improved by observation and reflection; and that experience is also indispensable to high artistic achievements. Professor Hart's way of expressing the last is, that Memory, which is the experience of the Past, is another of the greatest desiderata.

We might follow both still further in ascertaining how they mutually allow, each in their differing ways, and judged of by different exponents, a common relation to the actual and abstractive, the source of the ideal, and the power of association, which are all added to the other endowments of an artistic mind; and the way of procedure in each is characterized by the chance skull, being to the Professor merely "an exponent either of a moral or a physical separation;" while to the other it is the sure evidence of the mental qualities of its former possessor.

Paramount to all other duties, accordingly, the Academician pronounces that of self-examination; and the phrenologist, with equal force says, that "in endeavoring to comprehend and

is afforded by such examples in poetry, as Homer or Dante, Milton or Shakspeare. In Art, in Letters, in Science, no great results have ever been produced by intuition. * * * Of this, gentlemen, you may rest assured, that in the whole range of our Art, there is no evidence of a really great work having been the result of what is idly called inspiration—Independent of the observation of nature, unimproved by the contemplation of the works of our predecessors, uninformed by sources of knowledge, which can only be gradually developed to the view, all of which imply the consumption of much time, and at a season when its system is fully matured."

* Examples of imperfect perception are familiar to us in our Art—exemplified either in the unnatural proportions of Parmigiano, in the forced light and shade of a Caravaggio, in the false and monotonous red shadows of a Giulio Romano, or a Nicolo Poussin, or in the pervading blue tints of a Carlo Dolce, or again in the style or exaggerations of a Goltzius. On the other hand a superior perception induced the style of a Michael Angelo, the color of Titian, the vigorous light and shade of Rembrandt, the delicate gradations of Da Vinci and Correggio, or the atmospheric effects of Claude."

judge of his work, it is of advantage to the artist, to understand himself."

Professor Hart's lecture is reported in the *Athenaeum* for February 16th.

RUSKIN CRITICS.

We have found much to amuse and interest us in the various English criticisms on the two last volumes of the "Modern Painters" lately published. Some of these critiques are approbatory, some tolerative, and occasionally one like that of the Edinburgh Review, ridiculously abusive. Generally they are fair, and some contain fine thoughts suggested by these remarkable books. We extract here and there paragraphs from the best of the criticisms, embodying the conclusions the writers come to, and which may serve as finger-posts to all readers whose minds require the judgment of reviewers. The *Westminster* says truly of the work:

"That no special artistic culture is necessary in order to enjoy its excellences, or profit by its suggestions. Every one who cares about nature, or poetry, or the story of human development—every one who has a tinge of literature or philosophy, will find something that is for him, and that will gravitate to him."

The writer, after quoting from Mr. Ruskin on the requisites of a critic, says:

"And when a writer like Mr. Ruskin brings these varied studies to bear on one great purpose; when he has to trace their common relation to a grand phase of human activity, it is obvious that he will have a good deal to say which is of interest and importance to others besides painters. *The fundamental principles of all just thought and beautiful action or creation are the same, and in making clear to ourselves what is best and noblest in art, we are making clear to ourselves what is best and noblest in morals.* The truth of infinite value that he teaches is *realism*—the doctrine that all truth and beauty are to be attained by a humble and faithful study of nature, and not by substituting vague forms, bred by imagination on the mists of feeling, in place of definite, substantial reality. The thorough acceptance of this doctrine would re-mould our life; and he who teaches its application to any one department of human activity with such power as Mr. Ruskin's, is a prophet for his generation."

The *London Quarterly* critique is evidently by a defender of "old masterdom," right or wrong. At the close of its condemnation it says: "Nature has given him (Mr. Ruskin) the *mechanism of thinking* in a most peculiar degree. The exercise of this faculty, which is always more or less an exertion and strain to other minds, is none to his . . . therefore the broad false principles he has laid down may be easily refuted, yet it may be doubted whether any mind will have the patience to follow all the windings of one who thinks equally without consistency and without weariness." The "mechanism of thinking" is so evident in the writer's review, we do not wonder that he declines the task, requiring, as he says farther on, "a strength of nerve and tenacity of purpose" to refute the errors of Mr. Ruskin, which the article in question does not exhibit.

The *Critic* says:

"Under his customary self-delusive appearance of logical arrangement, our author pours forth a flood of discursive eloquence on the sub-

* We give some of the Professor's remarks in this connection:

"The truth is, there are none of these heaven-born intelligences, which begin of themselves—incarnations of experience and wisdom. Have not, in Science and Physics, the greatest and most valuable facts been discovered by individuals at an advanced or middle-age period of life? Have any of the master-pieces of painter or poet been wrought by youthful prodigies? Has Music, except, perhaps, in the instance of Mozart, ever witnessed any precocious displays of mind in the art of composition? Full refutation to this doctrine of innate ideas

ject of mountains, embodying many results of a series of extraordinarily careful observations among the Alps, in pages which combine, in a marvellous manner, the usually antithetic elements of Poetry and Science. While Mr. Ruskin, to all appearance, fancies that he is educating and illustrating a chain of argument in perfect sequence and proportion; we believe him to be doing something very different from this, perhaps superior to this—certainly something for which he is better fitted by nature, and which requires much more varied and unusual powers and achievements than the mere lawyer-like faculty possessed by many conclusive reasoners."

Notwithstanding that "he has laid himself open to the loudest accusations of inconsistency," the *Critic* goes on to say, we "perceive that, had he been more timid, dilatory, or cautious, our literature would soon be less rich by a series of fascinating, elevated and unique volumes; or perhaps possess, in lieu of their warm, vital force, a metaphysical essay or two resembling the prepositions in Surgeons' Hall. With feelings of admiration and gratitude, therefore, for his many virtues and graces, we turn to the examination of this new gift from Ruskin's noble pen."

The *Spectator* thinks, "Mr. Ruskin, in fact, is essentially an artist. His perception of Nature has all the accuracy of a natural born artist of the most positive class, and his realization of her by verbal description, all the intensity and splendor of the most imaginative. Keen sight, keen feeling, and keen power of expression, are the qualities which go to the making of an artist, and all these Ruskin possesses. He adds to them a peculiarly subtle turn for theory, investigation and exposition. This combination makes him an unique man, both among artists and writers; but if it induces him to adopt chiefly the writer's form of expression, as capable of more fully exhibiting both faculties, it does not obscure his possession of the artist's. Indeed, it may almost be said that in *feeling and perception he is uniformly right*; it is in *speculation* that he becomes exceptional, and open to challenge."

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

X—, June, 1856.

At a Farm-house Window.

YONDER meadow lies brilliantly warm in the slanting rays of this afternoon's sun. Bright patches of buttercups are discernible where they cluster profusely, and a few gentle undulations of the encircling upland turf are crowned with embedded rocks. The sun sparkles on the brass knobs that tip the horns of that brindled cow, as dropping her head, with nose projected in the direction of the lane, she lows forth her signal of acquiescence. A stately ox unconcernedly passes near her, when, with a sweep of her horns towards him and a toss of her tail, she shuffles off, and stands looking for the approaching cow-boy. That white heifer with her pinkish eyes, turning her head round to lick her spotless side, lifting and stiffening at the same time one of her fore legs to do it, has been gambolling before a little dog, which belongs to a heavy ox cart, which was just coming down the hill. The old bay cow only poised her horns in defiant style, as he jumped about her flanks, and off he went for less dangerous sport. Slowly they came along, some three or four cows more, out from behind the alder bushes that at the distant margin of the meadow mark the course of a flowing stream. Beyond this an amphitheatre of leafy hillsides forms the farthest background, upon which some bulky, swollen summer clouds, with distinctly marked outlines, that scarcely vary, seem to rest; while above them, transparent and marbling in the wind, a filmy vapor spreads into patches and sweeps.

Such a distance deserves a more according foreground, though, perhaps, more flattering from the cheerlessness through which it is seen. The stream is quite wide as it flows by the house, being dammed just below, and margined with rushes, flags and golden rod—a treacherous footing for the boys in the neighborhood. A level stone bridge, resting on some piers of almost disjointed construction, leads the highway over it just beyond, while the running water below perturbs the deep shadow that it casts, and a few tufts of herbage and moss cling to crevice and projection on its side. So far, it is well; but just beyond, where the waters widen into a pond-like surface, with a gravelly shore, the quake of the flood only shakes about the reflection of nothing better than a two-storied, square, boxy grist-mill, a thing of shingles and clapboards, stupid in color from a uniform exposure to the weather, and with hardly two inches of eaves to cast a relieving shadow. Three windows and a door below, three more and the additional one above, all closed, and so flush with the side of the building, that the spiders debarred a corner, could only spread their webs entirely over them, and there they hang, a trap for dust, gossamer and unfortunate flies. Even the few bits of greenish moss that dot the roof, are totally ineffective in the picture for their very loneliness; and the old worn-out and jagged millstone, its hole filled up with dirt, that forms the door step, has to be propped up on one side with a few pieces of white chalky stone, among which a blade of grass dare not take root, for fear of the miller's cane, who, as he sits in a rickety old chair in the door, is glad, while the grist is running, to tear out of the ground in mere idleness the least green thing, that ventures within reach. The hens of our farm, too, make their stated visits to his door to receive the corn he scatters for them, and have helped him to scratch the hard sandy plot around it bare of everything like life.

The miller is an old man, but he has a jolly red face, that betokens the companions he has chosen for his rather solitary life, and the depths of his pocket, if they could be searched would show the key of an out-of-the-way closet in his mill, that the visitor seldom sees open. Looking through the mill-door, I see him now, standing by the receiving trough, and sifting handful after handful through his fingers, and then at times dipping the meal out with a wooden scoop into a half-filled bag which stands against it. His complete suit of white is decidedly the worse for the week's wear and the dirt from the paws of his big cat, who takes her nap now and then on his knees, as he sits in the door, making ridges in the sand with his cane. Those white, silvery locks falling behind his ears, give his head a fine appearance, that would become a more picturesque costume. The dirt of his clothes is in that respect some relief, but an abomination to his tidy house-keeper, who threatens on that account to leave him, but having no immediate prospect of a livelihood elsewhere, she scolds and bears it.

We wish we could take the slouched hat and deep blue waistcoat with red flannel back, from this fellow, who is just crossing the bridge and put it on our old man; just raising the hat upon his brow, so as fairly to disclose it, and a fine character we should make of him. But then we would want something different for a mill. First of all, we should desire some overhanging foliage, to cast its flickering shadow on the roof and sides. We would have the roof moreover moss-grown, for there would be something vivifying in seeing the morning dews sparkle upon it, as we look out of our window, when we first get up. Besides, its eaves should generously project, and cast a deepening shade around its side, which should be rough-cast, and what harm if the twittering swallow built his nest beneath them, making the sunset air vocal with his go-to-bed prattle. We would not

insist upon diamond-paned windows, for glass does not come in that shape now-a-days, and there is no need of cutting large panes to disadvantage for the sake of making them; but the windows are a building's eyes, and as in men, we like to see them deep set, with a cornice to cast a shadow like a brow. If there is to be a curtain to keep out the sun, let it be a bit of red cloth or some such bright color, for there will be some spirit in it as it flutters in the breeze. And the old man can well afford to have a little porch, if he sits in the door-way so much, and he can better amuse himself in training a few honeysuckles round its pillars, than in destroying all signs of verdure about him, fit accompaniment as it is, for his green old age. We should like to suggest the propriety of having one of those ponderous outside water-wheels—we should like so much to see the dripping waters sparkle over it, as they fall from an old rickety trough, leaky and green, making the grass grow rank beneath, and supported on its staggering props—but I have no doubt, there would be complaints about the country that meal was scarce, that the old-fashioned wheel did not do the work fast enough, and that unseen tub-wheels of the newest invention must be substituted, which would shoot their water down a new sluice-way, out of sight from my window.

It would not be long before the shingles would rot, I suppose, under the moss, and the meal stored beneath would be found mouldy. They must be torn off, moss and all, for a new set to be put on. What is the use of these eaves? It will take another bundle to shingle them. Saw them off then. And that porch, it is hardly worth shingling, for it is almost tumbling down. Knock it away! That roof will soon be as mossy as the old, if that tree is allowed to keep the sun from it, and drip its water upon it after a rain. Cut it down then! Alas, my poor mill!

"As long ago as the war-time," says the old farmer's wife, at my elbow, "where you see that mill now, Sir, there stood a fine large building, four stories high, which was built by my father and others for a cotton factory, to give our poor people something to do and to live by in those hard days. A handsome building it was, and painted white, and I don't know how many shuttles were going in it; and it was very prosperous, Sir, and the largest building in the town, when one Sabbath day it was struck by lightning between meetings, and burned to the ground. We liked to have lost our house here, too, Sir, and would, if it had not been for four Lombardy poplars, which took all the scorching and died for it. If ever you have a house of your own, plant Lombardy poplars in the front yard!"

"But they are a very ungainly tree, madam, and short-lived beside."

"But they saved our house and home for us."

"Yes; but wouldn't some other tree do just as well?"

The old lady was looking over a bunch of keys all the while, and seemed not to hear my last question, by which time she had found the right one, and going to the cupboard beside the fire-place, where the best china was kept, made the selection of a capacious cut-glass cream pitcher, and letting it hang at her side by the handle, walked back to my window, and recommenced her talk.

"When my father bought this place, this water was a pretty brook, just as you see it down below, in the meadow yonder. He was an honest man, well-to-do in the world, Sir, and kind to all his neighbors; but it was a sad thing for him when the war came. My two brothers were both killed, Sir. The eldest suffered all manner of hardships at Dartmoor prison before he died; and the other was on board a privateer that Equire M—— was going

to send out of Boston, when Lawrence went down the bay in the Chesapeake, and he was one of the volunteers to go with him. He was killed when the Shannon took them. Then, besides, when they got up this factory, that stood where this mill is, the people wanted my father to take the lead in it, for they feared that Deacon Abbott would have it, and nobody liked the Deacon, or were willing to trust their money with him; so father took it, and had to offer them this site for the factory. He did not want to do it; and when they got the dam done, and flowed the water back over his best meadow, and made it dangerous for the children to play near it, he lamented it bitterly. Beside, the factory building hid his view of Deacon Abbott's barn and the weathercock upon it, which he had been brought up to go by, and he almost cried for regret. It made him very nervous, which the constant sound of the machinery only increased, and he never enjoyed good health afterwards, and died before many years."

"Was it before the factory was burnt?"

"No; he saw it burn down, and although he lost a great deal of money by it—a great deal for him—I always thought he was glad of it; and would never let them build anything more there as long as he lived. He used to sit at this very window, Sir, and as he looked upon the few remains of the factory, which were about there, although before he died it was pretty much grown over, and he would wish—I have heard him a thousand times—that he had never been so generous as to let them put that factory there; and my poor old mother used to say, 'Lor! Samuel, what odds does it make now, we have got enough left, and it's away now, and we shan't live long; and Sally's got a good husband, a proper man to work, and he'll make the best farm of it in the county, I warrant.' But she didn't like to see these old, scorched-up poplars in the front yard, my mother didn't, and nothing would do but father must cut them down; so at last he had to do it, and one of them fell on his leg and broke it, and he went lame the rest of his days, which wasn't long, though. Well, he hadn't been dead a week, when they came to my husband and wanted to build a mill there. I somehow objected at first out of respect to my father's memory; but John is a prudent man, and he thought it was a pity that dam should be there for nothing, and we wanted all the money we could get, for our family of children; and so I consented, and he sold it to them, and there it is."

So she finished her story, trotted off into the back-room, giving me a glimpse of her youngest daughter, setting the tea-table, as she opened the door; leaving me to finish my letter, which I must do here, as she has just called me to tea.

W. J.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

"I HAVE been conversing with a young English architect who has recently returned from Munich, where, at the Royal Foundry, he saw the equestrian statue of Washington, for the Richmond monument, which has been successfully cast. It is in several pieces, and is to be put together at the foundry, then enclosed in a box of timber twenty-five feet high, twenty-seven feet long, and of proportionate width, and this placed upon a raft and floated down the Danube to the Black Sea. There a vessel will be prepared, by the removal of the decks, to receive it and convey it to America. This box, or rather structure, will be in size about equal to one of our two story wooden houses. My English friend expressed fears that the statue would never reach its destination. He could not understand why the work, after it had been cast, was not forwarded in pieces and put together in America by workmen sent for the purpose. It would be entirely feasible, would certainly not cost more, and a part of the delay and risk

of moving such a gigantic mass so far, would be avoided. But the reason why such a course is not adopted is sufficiently obvious. It is known that establishments for casting in bronze are rising in the United States, where large statues have already been executed, and the temptation for workmen from the Munich foundry to remain in America, might prove too great to be resisted."—*Florence Correspondent, Providence Journal.*

We have no doubt, but that the reason stated above is perfectly true. But the proprietors of Munich foundries might as well attempt to keep us in everlasting night, by arresting the sun above their shallow heads in its westward progress, as to prevent us from acquiring skilled workmen, when we know the necessity of having them. We greatly mistake, if the fine bronze statue of Washington, now being placed at Union Square, does not give an impetus in this country to the casting of bronze statuary, which will forever prevent the occurrence of such an absurd exhibition of narrow-minded jealousy, as is apparent in the expensive and hazardous arrangements for the transportation of the Richmond statue.

"MR. STEPHENSON the sculptor, in Armory Hall, Boston, is engaged on a superb bust of "Alfarata," an embodiment suggested by Mrs. Marion Dix Sullivan's little melody of Blue Juniata, and though in the rough, it gives promise of equalling a head of Psyche and one of Truth which he has just completed, and should adorn the study or parlor of some gentleman of taste. The members of the Mercantile Library Association are making efforts to secure Mr. Stephenson's statue of "The Wounded Indian," and we trust they will succeed in their intention. It was the first statue carved from American marble, and as a work of art it holds a proud position.

We find in the *Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle* the following information about art and artists in that city:—"In this city there are about ten resident artists. One of whom is an Historical, two Landscape, one Still Life, and the remainder Portrait painters." Mr. McClurg represents Historical painting; Messrs. Wall and Lawman, the department of Landscape; Mr. Hetzell, Still-life; and Messrs. Darley, Foerster, and Rhodes, the department of Portraiture.

"These are some of the principal artists residing here; occasionally a Beaume, a Wilson, or a Lambdin visits us; but they are only with us—not of us. There are a number of amateurs and some schools where the elements of the art are taught. There is taste among us for its appreciation, and why may we not like other cities, have an academy, with casts and models, where we could have the occasional services of the artists, and good facilities for our children to pursue this study?"

A very reasonable query. Do not wait, however, for an "academy." The simplest organization, based upon whatever material you may possess, will answer for the present. Banish the thought of ideal "academies."

BALTIMORE.—We have received from Baltimore a catalogue of works of Art on exhibition there, embracing pictures belonging to the Maryland Historical Society, together with a collection got together by the "Artist's Association of Baltimore." The latter association is a new organization. The Catalogue says—

"The Artists' Association of Maryland was

formed in the autumn of the past year, 1855, in the city of Baltimore.

"This Association is composed of artists, sculptors, &c., as the active members, who subscribe annually six dollars; also contributing members, whose annual subscription is five dollars; these enjoying all the privileges of the Society, except the right of voting at elections, and holding office.

"The requirement of such an Association in this city, having been felt by the artists, they have thus united themselves together for the purpose of mutual encouragement in their profession, and with the view of establishing a permanent Gallery of American Art, with an Annual Exhibition of their productions."

The number of works exhibited is 294. Many by well-known names, besides others entirely new to us. We wish the Association every success.

GLEANINGS AND ITEMS.

THE ORDER OF RELEASE. A finished proof of the engraving from Millais' picture, has lately been received by Messrs. Williams, Stevens, Williams & Co., and is on exhibition at their gallery. The engraving is by Samuel Cousins, and is another of these perfect reproductions of an artists' work, which stamps the engraver an artist as well as the painter. Let this engraving be carefully studied, not for the sake of the medium by which the thoughts in it are expressed, but for the thoughts themselves. The picture embodies all the elements of high Art—proper attention to detail with imaginative treatment—faithful portrayal of character, and the expression of that sentiment which is characteristic of the personages and situations, termed feeling, and a recognition of which stamps the success of the artist's work.

For the benefit of those who desire to have an idea of the subject, we quote the following from an English paper:

"The prisoner for whom the "Order of Release" has been obtained, is a Scotch Highlander in humble life, who has been "out in the '45," ready to expend his last drop of blood in the cause of Prince Charles Edward. He has been wounded in battle, made captive, and in his gloomy cell has anticipated with many alternations of hope and fear—but with the stern power of endurance of his race, predominating over all—the doom which would sever him from not life alone, but dearer far, from his wife and family and well-remembered home. But the royal clemency has been extended to the humble clansman, and the person who brings the mandate, for his deliverance is his wife herself, bearing their youngest child in her arms. She stretches forth her hand to show the document to the military jailor—for it is too precious to be delivered up—and while that functionary is peering over it, the Highlander's stout heart gives way, and under an impulse of emotion of which he is ashamed, while he grasps one hand of his wife in his own, he bows his half-averted countenance upon her shoulder. A colley dog which has accompanied the wife leaps upon the pair, keenly alive to their joys and distresses, in accordance with the extraordinary intelligence which leads these animals invariably to manifest the warmest sympathy with the feelings of those to whom they are attached. The child borne by the wife upon one arm, overcome by the long walk through the bracing air of the mountains, reclines upon her shoulder sound asleep, and from the listlessly drooping little hand a few

primroses, gathered on the journey, are dropping to the ground.

It may be of some interest to our readers to see the prices obtained, at the sale in London of the collection of pictures and other works of art belonging to the late Mr. Rogers. A statuette of Psyche by Flaxman, realized \$625,—a terra cotta bust of Pope by Roubillac was purchased by Mr. Murray the publisher, for \$485. Drawings by the old masters brought as follows: A red-chalk study by Raphael for a madonna now at Vienna, brought \$700,—a drawing by Watteau \$400,—a fine study by Raphael for an "Entombment," sold for \$2200,—the Michael Angelo drawing of a man in a cloak, writing, for the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, brought \$250.—Among the drawings by modern masters, Turner's Stonehenge was knocked down for \$1450. Sir Joshua Reynolds' three sketch-books during his tour in Italy were purchased by a Mr. Douglas of Brooklyn for \$60, \$30, and \$34 respectively. To show the value of works of art as an investment, we give the prices paid by Mr. Rogers for some of the pictures, and the prices obtained at the auction sale. A pair of pictures by Watteau, purchased at \$300. (60 gs.) brought \$1650, (330 gs.) Sir Joshua's "Girl Stitching," which cost \$505, was sold for \$1750,—a landscape by Sir Joshua, which cost \$775, brought \$2150. 'Puck' by the same master, which Reynolds sold for \$500, and which Mr. Rogers bought for \$1025, fetched at this sale \$4900. A Paul Veronese bought for \$200, sold for \$1900, one of Raphael's Madonnas which cost \$315, brought \$2400, &c.

At another sale of pictures by auction we notice that Turner's "Temple of Jupiter" brought 1300 guineas—\$6500. We also observe that a picture by Wehnert, "Caxton examining his first proof-sheet in Westminster Abbey," sold for \$525.

A FRIEND in Paris whose judgment is good and reliable, writes of Ristori, the rival of Rachel as follows:—

"I have been studying *la bella lingua Italiana* closely for the last month or two and I flatter myself I have made considerable progress in it. One ought to make progress when one has Ristori for teacher. I mean by that, I have been very often to see and hear her play, and a more splendid lesson it is not possible to have. I have seen her six times in "Medea," which is perhaps her finest rôle. She is magnificent. She has much the advantage of Rachel in nobility of person, in the pure and classic form of her head, and in her wonderful mobility of feature. She has all Rachel's exquisite taste in costume, all her intense concentration of passion, and infinitely more of a woman's heart and soul in her acting. When I saw Rachel I admired greatly her artistic skill, but it was purely an intellectual admiration. With Ristori one is swept away with her in uncontrollable sympathy. She is exceedingly pictorial in her acting, that is she represents the passion or sentiment that moves her with the greatest variety, yet with the most simple and natural gradations of expression—in her face, in her gestures, her attitude, and in the modulations of her voice, which in sweetness, depth and power, surpasses anything I ever heard. At the same time this great variety and detail of expression is so subordinated that it does not at all conflict with

its breadth and harmony. I saw her last in Mary Stuart. The impersonation is one's ideal of queenly beauty and dignity, with all a woman's tenderness. I wish you may be so fortunate as to see her on your side of the Atlantic."

GRINLING GIBBONS' CARVINGS RESTORED BY W. G. ROGERS.—It is a melancholy fact that the exquisite wood carvings of that Velvet Brueghel of the chisel, that Michelangelo del Campidoglio of the wainscot, Grinling Gibbons—are crumbling to dust upon the walls of various public churches and private mansions throughout the United Kingdom. Wonderful works of art—works of art quite matchless in their way—those carvings by Gibbons are perishing (not becoming merely injured, but literally perishing) at Wollaston, Petworth, Burleigh, Belton, Chatsworth, Oxford, Windsor, Cambridge, Cashibury, Hampton Court, Gosford House, Lowther Castle, and elsewhere. A little while longer—and there must be an end to even the faintest hope of their preservation. A terrible decay has been slowly consuming their very substance during upwards of a century and a half—insects honeycombing the interior and mildew spreading insidiously over the exterior, of these rare and inestimable productions.

What is that our poet laureate sings about the sea-shell in "Maud"?—

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Fragile, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well,
With delicate spine and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design.

It is, for all the world, just the very image of a shell, a flower, a fruit, carved "fairly well" in wood by the magical tools of Grinling Gibbons!

The *modus operandi* of the restorer may be readily enough described. *Imprimis* he carefully takes photographs (for after guidance and comparison)—photographs of the carvings prior to their removal from the place where they have been slowly perishing as very precious but neglected ornaments. Next—he immerses these worm-eaten carvings bodily in a strong solution of corrosive sublimate, thereby most successfully "destroying" the secret cause of "destruction." Subsequently he restores the original color to the wood (lost by the influence first of all of the mildew, and afterwards of the corrosive sublimate), doing this by means of another very simple chemical application. Thereupon—having adroitly accomplished all this—he most ingeniously imparts strength and body to the fragile woodwork by injecting into its honeycombed interior, little by little, a magical compound of vegetable gum and gelatine. Ultimately—to crown all—putting the separate pieces delicately together according to the original design of Grinling Gibbons as preserved in the photograph—and so—*voilà tout*—here before us is the solid, substantial, accurate, all but miraculous restoration! Here and there of course a clipped-off fragment has to be supplied, but this only when such an addition is perceived to be absolutely necessary for the sake of completeness. Yonder a bunch of primroses—here the claw of a duck—there two or three of the wing-feathers of a woodcock. But invariably—at these times where a positive flaw has to be rectified, or a splinter repaired—the addition is effected by the restorer with a wonderfully reverential regard for the obvious design of the broken masterpiece. Out of all which delicate care, and exquisite caution, and scrupulous and conscientious handling of these lovely fabrications of the taste and genius of Grinling Gibbons—there come forth (under the loving hands of one of the latest and most successful of his disciples) these marvellous, and almost magical,

and all but miraculous restorations.—*London Sun.*

WELSH TRIADS.—This species of artificial memory, taking the form of aphorisms, and dating back even to the sixth century, often contains some very apt and philosophical criticism. As for example, how comprehensive, and yet exact, is the application of essentials to genius.

"The three foundations of Genius—the gift of God, human exertion and the events of life."

How applicable the next to the painter.

"The three first requisites of genius—an eye to see nature, a heart to feel it, and a resolution that dares follow it."

So again:

"The three things that improve genius—proper exertion, frequent exertion, successful exertion."

No superficiality is here.

"The three qualifications of Poetry—endowment of genius, judgment from experience, and felicity of thought."

"The three pillars of judgment—bold design, frequent practice, and frequent mistakes."

"The three pillars of learning—seeing much, suffering much, and studying much."

STUDIES AMONG THE LEAVES.

PARKMAN'S VASSELL MORTON.*

MR. PARKMAN was a young man, when he first gave the public some sketches of prairie life, and adventures among the Indians, and the present book has several incidental passages to remind us of them. A few years later, when about twenty-eight, in 1851, the work by which he is most known, *The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac*, was published in Boston, his native place. There was a oneness in the theme, and a maturity of execution, that awarded him high rank among historians at once. His friends were naturally curious, when a novel was announced by him as forthcoming, and the result can not but be gratifying both to him and to them; for the book is such as only one of his ability and experience could have written. One sees at once it is the work of no tyro; the style is too scholarly and opportune, the characters show him to have had too much intercourse with both rough and polished life, and too much observance of all men; and there is too much mastership and freshness in its construction, for a novice to have written it. When a novel is the first attempt of its author at writing, there is always too much to remind us of the class of romances that incited it, or the novelist to be emulated. Vassell Morton is free from all such taints. It is not, moreover, made a vehicle for personal opinions, the cant of prejudice and disquisitions upon this, that and the other topic, after the manner of a certain kind of tales; but characters are introduced, act and speak, and the intelligent reader can fathom them as he would in real life, and is not bothered by blundering analyses of general character,

* *Vassell Morton. A Novel.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856.